

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION ABOUT ELECTIONEERING EXPENSES.

STORY OF THE CROOKED SIXPENCE.

CHAPTER III.—THE BANKER AND SIR GEOFFRY.

As the poor clerk sat at his desk on the following day, his thoughts reverted again and again to the dream—if it were a dream—of the preceding night, and he returned to his solitary lodgings, half expecting a renewal of the visionary intercourse with his crooked friend. Nor was he disappointed;

for scarcely had he seated himself than, as he fondly fancied, the soft tones of the mysterious voice again vibrated through the chamber.

"You are right, and yet wrong, my friend," they said, or seemed to say.

"How?" demanded he.

"You have been thanking God in your heart to-day that you are poor."

"How do you know that?" asked the lonely

man, sharply. "But it does not matter, though. I remember you told me of your strange power of penetrating and knowing the history of those whom you serve. Well, say that I am content, and more than content, to be poor—what then?"

"I have said that your thoughts have been in part right, and in this you have thought wisely and well; but you have hard thoughts and bitter thoughts of those to whom the trust and talent of riches is given; and therein you err."

"It may be so," replied the poor clerk.

"It *is* so," said the voice, gently, but positively.

"Moreover, you are bewildered——"

"Stay!" interposed the solitary watcher; "a thought strikes me. You have referred to the past. If you know as much of others as you have told me of myself, you must have witnessed strange scenes."

"I understand you; you would know my history?"

"If it would not be too much trouble," rejoined the poor man, humbly. "It would relieve my solitude."

"Agreed," rejoined the voice, "and you shall write my experiences:" and thereupon the following series of fragmentary papers was commenced; but whether the stories therein contained were conveyed to the lonely man through the medium of his bodily senses, or whether they were the offspring of an over-excited imagination, he never afterwards cared to decide. For the time, however, it will be convenient for the indulgent reader to incline to the former opinion; and since guineas, feathers, and atoms have been permitted to appear unchallenged before the public as their own biographers, we crave the same indulgence for our poor clerk's crooked sixpence, which begins its history thus:—

My first experience of the world, as a current coin, was on a banker's counter, upon which I had fallen, among a heap of others of my own stamp. We were all bright and glittering—(I was not crooked then)—and our features were sharp, clearly defined, and regular. Our rough experiences had not yet commenced. The novelty of the scene neither dazzled nor confused me. Those were days, my friend, when I was not easily put out of countenance. I had due weight and solidity, and a full estimate of my own importance, believe me.

It was at this time that the power of reflection, which I flatter myself I possess, came into play, and I became conscious of the strong and enduring sympathies which bind me to your race, and of the value you are pleased to set upon me. It is true that, in the busy scene into which I had been introduced, I and my fellows were looked upon with some degree of indifference; but if the immovable features I then bore—some slight traces of which still remain, if you will do me the favour to examine me—could have relaxed, I should assuredly have smiled at detecting the real solicitude on our behalf which lurked under assumed unconcern.

There was one grey-headed man, for instance, whom I knew instinctively to be the great banker himself, and whose worldly possessions, I was well

assured, were of vast amount, and whose life had already reached the limits ordinarily assigned to humanity, yet who, nevertheless, exhibited painful discomposure at the apprehended loss of one small item of his enormous wealth as unimportant as myself, and whose rest would have been broken but for its recovery. Nor is this a singular instance; for I have observed in my later experiences of mankind that, with many, the nearer they approach to the termination of their earthly course—only in which phase of their endless existence MONEY can yield them the slightest benefit—the closer do they cling to it in inordinate attachment. But enough of this, my poor friend; it is a history you want, and not a homily, and I see you are impatient.

I had been but a few hours in the possession of the banker, during which time I had been placed with large numbers of my fellows in orderly piles, when, among the numerous customers and clients who presented themselves before him and his clerks, was one who was received with tokens of great homage. He was a man not yet arrived at middle age, and his countenance was gay and sprightly; his dress was rich, and on a finger of his delicately white hand, when ungloved, glittered a diamond ring of high price. He was addressed by the banker as Sir Geoffry.

Room for Sir Geoffry! Clear the way for Sir Geoffry! Sir Geoffry has large estates in the country, and a mansion like a palace; he has troops of servants in grand liveries, and carriages in which you might sleep, my friend, as easily and softly as on beds of down. One of them is at the banker's door now, and the high-blooded mettlesome steeds that draw it are pawing the road and champing their bits till white foam dapples their smooth skin, through very impatience of delay. Softly! softly! You must bide your master's time, and Sir Geoffry has business with his banker.

Clear the way for Sir Geoffry! Room for Sir Geoffry! Sir Geoffry is a great man. His country estate is a principality; he rules his tenants as though they were his subjects, despotically; though, if he be not crossed and thwarted, he will extend to you his patronage and protection. He has many friends, and, large as his mansion is, it is full to overflowing when he keeps open house in the country, where they feast daintily and delicately every day; for his larders are never empty, his cellars hold rich wines, and his sideboards glitter and sparkle with gold and silver. Sir Geoffry is a great man, but he would be still greater. He rules his own servants and tenants—he must needs help to rule the nation. Ah! Sir Geoffry is a great man, but he can't do without his banker. Ho! ho!

Didn't these thoughts, and some others too, pass through the banker's mind when he cried out in a sharp tone, to a poor, stupid, owl-eyed, blinking clerk who stood in the way, "Room for Sir Geoffry! Clear the way for Sir Geoffry!" and then led the way himself into his own private, dusky, ancient-smelling room, which he called his parlour, the great man following him? Some others too. Ah! the banker knew a few secrets, my poor

friend, and his grey hairs covered a head full of—well, we won't say what, just now; but perhaps it was wisdom—worldly wisdom.

Sir Geoffry's visit was not long protracted. Room for Sir Geoffry! Clear the way for Sir Geoffry! and down clattered the carriage-steps, in sprang Sir Geoffry, and he was gone.

The banker looked after him with a strange smile. It might be a smile of admiration mingled with envy, perhaps. The stupid, owl-eyed, blinking clerk thought so; but I knew better. It was a smile of contempt and derision; but the wise banker knew how to conceal what was passing in his mind.

"A hundred pounds in small silver to Sir Geoffry's town house; fifty in shillings, fifty in sixpences," said the banker to his cashier; and in an hour's space I was rumbling over the rough stones of a paved street in a shaking carriage—not one of Sir Geoffry's—and sealed up in a leathern bag with a thousand, nine hundred, and ninety-nine of my fellows of a like denomination.

A hundred pounds! Sir Geoffry had not troubled himself to visit his banker on this paltry errand alone, think you? You are right. There was to be another roll of title deeds locked up in one of the banker's iron-chests on the morrow, and on the strength of this transfer Sir Geoffry's drafts were to be honoured to the amount of five thousand pounds. For Sir Geoffry wanted money, and the new honour he coveted would cost him five thousand pounds, every sixpence of it, said the banker to himself.

CHAP. IV.—SIR GEOFFRY AND LADY IN THEIR TOWN HOUSE.

SIR GEOFFRY'S steward had us in custody in Sir Geoffry's town house, and we were locked in a strong-box; but neither Sir Geoffry nor Sir Geoffry's steward could shut out knowledge of what was passing around me. There were large rooms brilliantly lighted up; chandeliers reflecting a thousand prismatic beams; walls of chaste arabesque designs; graceful draperies of damask silk and richest dye; carpets from Persian looms; couches luxurious even to look upon; ceilings on which the skill and taste of high art had been expended. There were vases of the most delicate porcelain, and ornaments in *or-molu*, tastefully exhibited on tables of the costliest wood and the most elaborate workmanship. There were, treading these carpets, seated on these couches, in the brilliant blaze of these chandeliers, the rich and favoured guests of Sir Geoffry. There was Sir Geoffry himself, and there also was Sir Geoffry's lady-wife—proud, haughty, and scornful.

Crowds upon crowds; the rooms were large, but they were crowded. There were statesmen, speculators, and men of fashion; shrewd men of business, spendthrifts, and misers in heart, though they dressed gaily. There, also, were forms of grace and beauty, and forms and faces which had once attracted admiration, but were now shrunken, shrivelled, and withered. They flitted from room to room. Here there was music, there card-tables were drawn out; in one, tall serving-men stood at side-boards covered with delicate refreshments and

decanter filled with sparkling wine; in another, tables were covered with choice specimens of the engraver's skill—for Sir Geoffry patronised art.

Sir Geoffry's lady patronised poetry and poets. She had caught a young author that night, not long since fledged, and in the centre of a group of her guests she was graciously encouraging the bewildered novice to pour out his lays. Half-frightened, half-bewildered, but proud and flattered, full of hope and expectation, and dreaming of fame and gold, the poor author blushed, smiled, and flattered in his turn, and, wondering how he came there, lost sight for an hour of the poor lodgings, the sickly wife, the scantily-clothed and not too luxuriously-fed infants he had left behind him when he came forth to glitter, for that brief hour, in the cold blaze of fashion; and he forgot, too, for an hour—only for an hour—his landlord's stern demand for rent not forthcoming; and also that the very garments he wore, to befit him for so gay an assembly, were to be paid for—how? Poor author! better be a poor clerk, my friend.

And what did they there—those men of fashion and men of business, those spendthrifts and misers, those speculators and politicians? Some, because they were needful to Sir Geoffry; and some, because Sir Geoffry was needful to them. Some, because Sir Geoffry willed it; some, because his lady willed it; and so they mingled, and did not unite. Peace and honeyed accents were on their countenances and their tongues, bitterness and hatred were in their hearts. Sir Geoffry had mines on one of his estates, and the speculator hoped to turn them to his patron's advantage and his own. Sir Geoffry had influence, and the statesman desired to have his votes. Sir Geoffry had favours to ask in return, and so it became a matter of barter and exchange. There was a great deal of business done that evening, you may be sure.

Cards! Her ladyship soon tired of her own toy, the poor author, and more serious business was before her. Neglected, he shrunk into a corner, or, unrecognised and unnoticed, edged himself timidly from group to group, and thought of his poor home and sickly wife, his unpaid rent, and the morrow. Courtied and followed, his patroness led the way to the card-tables.

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The party broke up at last. It was two hours past midnight, and carriages rolled away. The poor author had been one of the first to disappear—unseen and unmissed. Then followed the more distinguished guests, and then empty rooms, and darkness, and silence—

Broken presently in Sir Geoffry's own room, to which he had retired—haggard, weary, in body and mind.

"Sir Geoffry!" The voice was his wife's, cold and measured.

"Madam!" The voice was Sir Geoffry's, responsive in manner and tone.

"You leave town to-morrow, I believe?"

"Your ladyship's belief is precise, and instinctive likewise. I leave town to-morrow."

"To canvas the borough of Gotham?"

"Madam, I honour your intelligence."

"I am glad you have money to throw away on such preposterous folly, Sir Geoffrey. I must have money also."

"To pay your gambling debts, madam, I presume," said Sir Geoffrey.

"Yes," replied the lady.

"I have none to spare for such a purpose, said the husband.

"You never gamble, Sir Geoffrey!" said the lady, derisively.

"I do not fleece my friends in my own house, madam, nor suffer them to fleece me."

"Nor on the race-course, Sir Geoffrey, nor at the billiard-table. But it does not matter; I can dispose of my jewellery," retorted the lady.

"Do so, madam."

"As you please, sir. But what will the world say then?"

"It matters very little," said the baronet, yawning; but he did not mean what he said; or perhaps he thought better of it; or perhaps his morning's visit to his banker came into his mind. Be it as it might, Sir Geoffrey, after some further discussion, filled up a cheque and presented it to his lady.

"Pray, madam," he asked, when this was done, "who was that young man whom you introduced to me this evening?"

"He is an author, who has written a book, and wants to publish it. His name is Wakehurst."

"M—m! an author!" said Sir Geoffrey, with a curl of his aristocratic lip. "And may I venture to inquire of your ladyship what brought Mr. Wakehurst to — Square?"

"I really cannot say, Sir Geoffrey; it was not his own carriage, I presume," said the lady.

"But he came by your invitation, I suppose, madam," returned the baronet, stiffly.

"Of course."

"Do you know, madam," continued Sir Geoffrey, "I am surprised that you condescend to notice such low sort of people."

"That is exactly what I was about to say, Sir Geoffrey. I am surprised that you condescend to notice such low people as that mining man, for instance, with his dirty hands, which he persists in keeping ungloved. My author's hands are twice as clean, I'll engage."

"Pho, Madam! the mining man, as you call Mr. Curlew, is useful to me—indispensable, I may say—which is more than your ladyship will affirm of such beings as your poor author—for of course he is poor."

"I really do not know, Sir Geoffrey," said the lady, in a tone of indifference, which would have gone to the author's heart if he had heard it, for it would at once have demolished his day-dreams. "He isn't rich, I dare say; but that is nothing to me; and as to those sort of people, they are useful to me—they amuse me, Sir Geoffrey."

"It is vastly well, madam."

"I am glad you think so, Sir Geoffrey. But as to low sort of people, I suppose you will condescend to notice a good many of them in your electioneering expedition," said the lady.

"I suppose so too, madam," rejoined the baronet;

"and this reminds me to request your ladyship to be less prodigal in your expenditure. This electioneering expedition, as you delicately term it, will be costly."

"Sir Geoffrey wishes to buy votes, and so his wife must wear out her old gowns," sneered the lady.

"Madam, I am shocked," exclaimed the husband. "The expenditure I hinted at is particularly that connected with the occasion of your demand upon me to-night. Let me entreat your ladyship to play more discreetly. And be kind enough not to permit your protégé to dedicate his new book to you, if he has written one. Those dedications are expensive."

"Be satisfied on that head, Sir Geoffrey," replied the lady, laughing lightly. "The man is a perfect noodle; I was quite ashamed of him; and if the fancy was on, it is off again. So if the poor block-head has any hope from me, let him live upon it. Poets and authors do manage to subsist on very unsubstantial diet, I am told. Have you anything else to say, Sir Geoffrey?"

Sir Geoffrey had nothing more to say, and Lady — retired, rejoicing that in the extorted cheque, which would have been a sufficient year's income for the poor author, she had the means of discharging her debts of honour without pawning her diamonds.

Arrived at this stage of its history, the voice of the crooked sixpence seemed to the poor clerk to die away in silence, and nothing was heard save the sighing of the wind outside his casement, and the noise of some distant revellers returning probably from a late carouse, which forced its way faintly into Whirlpool Rents.

The poor clerk groaned within himself. "There was a time," said he, sadly, "when such sounds would have seemed to me like sweet music, but now 'they bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder.' Well, well, a few years more of watching and waiting and toil, and all will be ended.

' Worlds should not bribe me back, to tread
Agnin life's dreary waste,
To see my day again o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.'

Ah! 'I would not live alway.' And this story! Pho! it is a dream. And yet I don't know. I'll talk to my landlord about it some of these days; only then he'll laugh at me. Well, we shall see."

Uttering these disjointed sentences, the poor clerk prepared for repose. He slept soundly that night; and on the following evening, without an attempt at clearing up his perplexity, the story of the crooked sixpence was resumed.

THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GLASGOW.

THE broad and beautiful Clyde, which had spread like a deep sea fiord from Ailsa Craig to Greenock, inclosed by every diversity of lovely shore scenery, contracted thenceforth, till for the last few miles it had been little better than a narrow canal between

tidal masses of sludge. Diminutive red lighthouses were set upon wooden legs at regular intervals, astride like a sentinel row of flamingoes. Occasionally a big dredging-machine, with buckets slowly revolving their weights of black mud scraped from the river-bed, passed by rather closer than was agreeable to our olfactory nerves; but this muddy monster, and such as this, have made the Clyde a highway for all nations.

Soon we could not accuse the dredging-boats of the odour that was rising and intensifying about us. The scarlet paddles of our own steamer seemed in fault, and cast up a sooty spray. Much has been written concerning the summer perfumes of the Thames; its Scottish compeer bids fair to be a rival in this unsavoury particular. Presently a black sluggish stream crept into the Clyde at our left. What! *that* the Kelvin Water renowned in song! I remember a part of the lyric besought those concerned to "haste to Kelvin Grove:" beyond a doubt the reverse would be the more suitable reading at present.

Now we are within sight and sound of the great city. The air is full of the ceaseless din of hammers in hundreds of dockyards and foundries, beating with a sort of rhythmic clangour in orderly pulsations; the steam-blast and railway shriek seem perpetually to *eccho* amid the seething smoke from factory stalks. Along the quays are scores of skeletons of mighty ships being clothed with shape and power by that same rhythmic hammering of red-hot rivets; multitudes of steamers of every grade are at the wharves, from the little black hard-working tug—the navy of the waters—to the gay gilded pleasure-boat, which spends its time in excursions. To right, to left, in front, miles deep inland at both sides, are masses of buildings, the dwellings and workshops of a third of a million people; and a well-defined canopy of manufacturing smoke droops over all.

Where can be our place at these densely-thronged quays? The ships lie three or four deep, commonly; their masts resemble a vast winter forest of firs. But with much shouting and hauling of ropes and delicate manipulation from the steersman, our fine boat edges into a berth left for it at the Broomielaw, near Glasgow Bridge; cables are cast ashore, and even the most contemplative passenger begins to look sharp.

The name of this place recalls a time—not so long since but that some living remember it—when the shore was indeed a green "broomy law," and the water so shallow that school-boys could wade across from one bank to the other. Three and a half feet at full tide was then the greatest depth; the wide abundant current which now sweeps by is a triumph of engineering industry. Pennant says that the city of Glasgow in his time was "perfectly tantalised with its river:" "twelve remarkable shoals" barred navigation, except to very small craft. Judicious dredging and embanking, which have cost from first to last about two millions sterling, have deepened the channel to twenty feet, and yield a return of eight hundred thousand pounds annually in customs dues alone.

How strange, when looking at these ranges of

colossal Indiamen and merchant ships bearing the ensign of every nation with a seaboard, and laden with wealth beyond our forefathers' dreams of El Dorado—how strange to revert to the first commercial venture sent from Glasgow, not two centuries ago. A certain Walter Gibson (who might not unworthily have a statue, in these days of universal image-making) freighted a small brig with some hundred barrels of herrings for the French market, where those Loch Fyne delicacies found enthusiastic admirers on fast-days; consequently he received in return a cargo of brandy and salt, which abundantly repaid the risk, and encouraged him to further speculation. By-and-by he imported iron: a very small quantity, as may be guessed. Ten years ago the furnaces of Glasgow manufactured, during a twelvemonth, nearly half a million tons.

The hundred miles of Glasgow streets would afford rambles and sight-seeing for weeks; but we had only a few days to devote to a mere bird's-eye view of this third among British cities. Our first walk led through George Square, three sides of which are occupied by a congeries of handsome hotels, thus aggregated in neighbourhood to the principal railway terminus. The gardens in the midst are peopled with representative men—the statues of a poet, a philosopher, a soldier, and a statesman—four of the finest specimens of their several classes. Of course Sir Walter is there, on a high pillar in the centre; the figure is said to be "a petrification of him." Sir John Moore of Corunna faces the post office. Sir Robert Peel, in very fresh bright bronze when we saw him, stands at one angle, and plain James Watt is seated at another, compasses in hand. I could fancy that he was meditating on the steam-power which has made the surrounding city mighty. There is not a day rolling over the heads of the myriads in Glasgow, that each is not indebted to his invention, directly or otherwise, for some necessity or luxury of existence; and though here situate in lowliest place, the results of his thought have done more for the people than his companion poet, soldier, or statesman have effected by their world-famed lives.

Statues are plentiful everywhere. The disloyal smoke has completely blackened her Majesty, standing on a polished plinth of yellow Peterhead marble opposite the Western Club; likewise an equestrian Duke of Wellington, wherewith there is too much of his charger, and who is before the portico of the Exchange. Mr. Oswald, late M.P. for the city, has even his hat commemorated in bronze along with himself, at an angle of Sauchiehall Street. Perchance in the twentieth century, that queer-looking cylinder of metal held in the senator's hand, may be as strange a head-gear as the flowing wig of Queen Anne's commoners, or the powdered pigtail of George the Second's.

What a wealth of architecture is displayed on all sides in this city! The abundance of sandstone material is favourable to the beauty of Scottish towns. Easily wrought, yet durable, it affords the greatest facility for ornamentation. Here it is cast into Palladian warehouses, Gothic and Norman churches, Grecian lecture-halls and banking-houses, in profusion. Hardly a street of any importance but has two

or three edifices worth study by the æsthetic observer. At the West-End, range after range, and crescent after crescent, of magnificent private residences, rise in stately silence, listening from afar to the busy hum of the working world. Yet here an old conviction gathered strength, that to mix in the roar and the struggle of the torrent of life is more healthful and more happy than a dwelling in the splendid stagnation of idle opulence. The high-bred stillness is oppressive. Quarries of houses—untold wealth consolidated in stone—stretch away to the country in seemingly endless squares and terraces, diversified with gardens, till the eye is wearied by the uniform dull neatness of it all.

Dives and Lazarus were not more apart than this opulent *quartier* from the blackened manufacturing extremity of Glasgow. Here is no architectural elegance, but the great human hives of industry are built just for stern use. Yet, monarch of all the mid-air assemblage of beautiful domes and spires which crown the city, is the huge chimney-stalk of the St. Rollox chemical works. There is something majestic in the extreme simplicity of this single shaft, towering to a height of four hundred and fifty feet above the foundation, alone in gigantic pre-eminence, which strongly impresses one's fancy. I liked to look at it, dwarfing all pretenders to loftiness in its neighbourhood by the single attribute of unadorned length, the only attractive chimney-stalk that exists, I suppose.

The glass-works and potteries, generally visited by strangers, are almost in the shadow of St. Rollox's dominant stalk. I did not wonder at the crystal goblets and vases, such as would have been treasures to a Roman emperor, to be had for a few pence, when I had seen a mass of molten "metal" lifted out of the furnace into a mould, a punch shut down into it to shape the interior, the superfluities cut off with a pair of scissors, another piece of molten glass added to form the foot, and the whole completed in less than two minutes. After annealing twenty-four hours in a kiln, it was fit for sale. Wine-glasses were manufactured with a speed quite as marvellous; but the better sorts undergo a cutting from wheels of iron, stone, or wood, according to the fineness required; which is a more tedious process, necessitating taste and skill in the workman. At the potteries, among galleries of the choicest ceramic productions, and imitations of Dresden and Sevres china which might deceive connoisseurs, we noticed a vast supply of the old willow-pattern dinner-sets, which are still purchased to a greater extent than any other devices in delfware.

Another great Glasgow trade of which we obtained a glimpse, was the iron ship-building. The rhythmical hammering was again about us, a perpetual storm of sound: add to which, the rasping of an omnivorous sawmill engaged in grinding apart nine boards from one beam, and a general undertone of the roaring steam-engine which accomplished nearly everything on the premises, (everything not demanding an intelligent mind,) and it will be understood that the ear of the visitor was tolerably filled. The great red and black ribs of a thousand-ton ship were being covered with iron

plates, which were curved to the required shape between rollers, and cut to precisely the required size under sharp slow-descending knives. It was a marvel to see the ribbons of iron, inch thick, curling away as if the material were so much parchment; and circular nuggets of metal dropping from the rivet-holes as the punch rose and fell incessantly.

Argyle Street is the Strand of Glasgow. For three miles long, the tide of seething, surging human life pours through it continually. The custom of living in flats, and piling business over business, from the greengrocer's in the area, to the photographer's at the skylight, causes a wonderful density of inhabitants here. From the Iron Gate Cross, the line of street dips into the ancient city, the Salt Market and Gallowgate districts, now abandoned to the lowest of the populace. Concerning these regions there are legends and histories; Wallace fought here, Cromwell lodged in one of the antique houses. Going along the High Street, past the time-honoured smoke-dried university buildings, we arrive presently at the Cathedral, the chief relic of olden times which Glasgow boasts. Here the *coup-d'œil* is very pleasing; in front the noble Gothic pile, against the background of the Necropolis hill, clothed with trees and tombs. Conspicuous on the summit stands John Knox, his outstretched hand holding forth a Bible—that book under whose broad shadow Scotland has grown to be the enlightened and prosperous land she is.

The inclosure about the Cathedral is paved with monumental slabs of old dates; but none at all so ancient as the building itself, which was begun about 1195, and is a choice specimen of the early English style. The interior presents a noble perspective of lofty arches along the nave, closed by the choir screen of carved open-work. But the characteristic feature of Glasgow Cathedral is the subterranean chapels, or crypts. A flight of steps leads down to them, past two altars rudely sculptured with bas-reliefs of the twelve apostles. How does daylight struggle among these massive pillars, as if oppressed by the chill gloom! The dead of centuries lie below. St. Mungo's shrine is in the midst, a slab two steps higher than the rest of the floor, bearing a sorely battered effigy of the saint, which has at sometime or other been beheaded. In one corner is his well, forty-two feet deep, and protected by a wooden cover. A few of the windows are filled with memorial stained glass; it did not seem to harmonize with the solemn unornamented grandeur of the vaults. What a weird place must this be, when evening shades deepen behind the pillars and a gleam of amber sunset shoots athwart into dusk recesses, to be expelled by gathering night, or when ghostly moonbeams lie upon the stones that record expired griefs, where mourners and mourned rest together!

A single arch, called the Bridge of Sighs, leads across the Molendinar Burn—a mere rivulet gurgling deep in a ravine—to the Necropolis. In the visitor's book at the gate-house we were shown the autograph of Count Cavour, a contracted clear writing; likewise that of Prince Lucien Buonaparte,

a small rather indecisive hand, denoting a character which has not much in common with his daring and impenetrable emperor cousin.

Into the brook below were hurled the statues and ornaments of the cathedral at the reformation. And martyrs' ground is yonder, where two Bible students suffered death at the stake in Cardinal Beaton's time. We ascend by winding walks to the top of the hill, and look far and near over the smoke billows of the city, which blot out the Dumbarton and Renfrew mountains edging the basin in which Glasgow lies. Immediately below, beside the Cathedral, perhaps by way of forcible contrast, stands the exceedingly ugly Barony Church, a grim and soiled erection of the last century, but which attracts crowds each Sabbath to hear its distinguished minister, Dr. Norman McLeod.

Looking hence upon the fine old Cathedral, I am grateful to the sturdy guilds of Glasgow, who in 1578 saved it from being pulled to pieces by the iconoclastic rage of certain ultra-reformers, and have left it, according to Mr. Andrew Fairservice, "a solid weel-jointed mason-work, that will stand as lang as the world keep hands and gunpowther aff it." This Necropolis hill was formerly a Druidical retreat, covered with fir-woods. Curious, that the varying religions of nations should choose the same spots in succession for their sacred places; as in Ireland the primitive Christians built their churches beside the lofty round towers of the fire-worshippers, in England and Scotland they adopted the islands and hills of the Druids. Some sculptures round us here deserve inspection. The white bust of Dr. Ralph Wardlaw, so well marked and characteristic that one feels assured it is strongly like; the sitting statue of Charles Tennant, of St. Rollox, in an admirably natural attitude of drooping age; and a composition of several life-size figures, comprising Faith with a star on her calm brow, clasping a Bible to her heart while she looks brightly upward, two angels bending beside in grief; and outside the tomb Hope leans on her anchor, and Charity embraces a shivering child. Never were abstractions better substantiated; but human nature seldom can get up emotion for the purely ideal.

And all around this isolated hill of the dead roars the living sea of toiling men and women in dingy streets. Each of those blackened forge or factory chimney-stalks is the centre of livelihood to hundreds or thousands of workers. Yearly is the vast city growing, growing, widening bounds, condensing population; and it would be sufficient labour for a little army of philanthropists to endeavour that all religious and ameliorating agencies should grow adequately likewise.

THE DEATH OF MARTIN LUTHER.

THE last act of Martin Luther was honourable to his character: it was a journey, undertaken amidst much bodily infirmity, to Eisleben, to reconcile the Counts of Mansfeld, who were at variance. Though contrary to his custom to intermeddle in secular disputes, he yielded in this case, from the attach-

ment he felt to his native town, as well as from his desire to restore peace. He preached at Eisleben on the 28th January, 1546, and assisted at the conferences up to the 17th February. At supper, on that last-named day, he dwelt on his approaching death: some one asked him if, in a future state, we should recognise one another; he replied that he thought so. Having entered his chamber with some friends and his two sons Martin and Paul, aged fourteen and thirteen, he approached the window, and remained a considerable time in prayer. He said to his friend Aurifaber, "I am very feeble, and my pains increase." Medicine was given to him, and attempts were made to warm him by the friction of the hands. As he laid himself down on the bed, he said to Count Albrecht, "If I could doze half an hour, I think it would relieve me." He did sleep, and awoke in about an hour and a half—near eleven o'clock. Seeing that all present still remained by his side, he said, "What! are ye here yet? Why do ye not retire to rest?" He resumed his prayer, crying with fervour, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit! thou hast redeemed me, Lord God of truth." Afterwards, turning to all present, he said, "Pray, my friends, for the gospel of our Lord—that his kingdom may be enlarged. Verily, the Council of Trent and the Pope threatened to injure it." Having slept another hour, Dr. Jonas asked him how he felt. "I am very ill," was the reply. "I think, my dear Jonas, I must remain at Eisleben, where I was born." However, he walked a little about the chamber, laid down on the bed, and was covered with cushions. He once more betook himself to prayer. "O my Father! God of our Lord Jesus Christ, and source of all consolation, I thank thee for that thou hast revealed to me thy well-beloved Son, in whom I believe, whom I have acknowledged and preached, whom I have loved and celebrated, whom the Pope and the wicked persecute. To thee, Lord Jesus Christ, I commend my soul. I leave this earthly body; I am borne away with thee!" He repeated three times, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit, O Lord God of truth; thou hast redeemed me." Suddenly he shut his eyes, and became insensible; Count Albrecht and his lady assisted the physicians; all laboured to restore him, and, with great difficulty, they succeeded for a moment. "Reverend father," said Dr. Jonas, "do you steadfastly die in the faith which you have taught?" "Yes," was the distinct reply, and he fell asleep. Immediately afterwards he grew pale, became cold, breathed softly, and expired, on Thursday, the 18th of February, 1546.

Three days before his death he preached, in the pulpit which still remains at Eisleben, his last sermon, from Matthew xi. 25—30: "At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight. All things are delivered unto me of my Father: and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him. Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

AUTUMN.

"Autumn! soul-soothing season, thou who spreadest
Thy lavish feast for every living thing,
Around whose leaf-strew'd path, as on thou treadest,
The year its dying odours loves to fling,
Their last faint fragrance sweetly scattering;—
O! let thy influence, meek, majestic, holy,
So consciously around my spirit cling,
That its fix'd frame may be remote from folly,
Of sober thought combined with gentle melancholy.

"If, in the morning of my life, to Spring
I paid my homage with a heart elate;
And with each fluttering insect on the wing,
Or small bird singing to his happy mate,
And Flora's festival, then held in state;—
If joyous sympathy with these was mine,
O! still allow me now to dedicate
To thee a loftier song:—that tone
Assign unto my murmuring lyre, which Nature gives to thine.

"A tone of thrilling softness, now, as caught
From light winds sweeping o'er a late-reap'd field;
And, now and then, be with these breezes brought
A murmur musical, of winds conceal'd
In coy recesses, by escape reveal'd:
And, ever and anon, still deeper tone
Of winter's gathering dirge, at distance peal'd,
By harps and hands unseen; and only known
To some enthusiast's ear when worshipping alone."

BERNARD BARTON.

THE opening autumn continues the summer's glory, gradually becoming more and more sobered and subdued, and is the interval in which the ingathering is completed of those fruits of the earth which are capable of being stored for use. With us, the last loads of cereal and leguminous produce leave the fields; and those who have contributed to the safe garnering of the crops,

"Crowned with ears of corn now come,
And to the pipe sing harvest-home,"

sharing the hospitality of the master. In more southern lands, "Lo! the vintage now is done," and the fruitage of the olive-yard and orangery is collected. It is a very wholesome usage for employers and employed to meet for the time on terms of equality, to celebrate the blessing of a finished harvest at the festive board, when, as is now generally the case, decorum is observed, while the occasion is often seized to recognise the fact of their common dependence upon the bounty of Providence. Such festivals are in harmony with the spirit of religion, and with enlightened views of social science. They tend to smooth the asperities of life to the hard-toiling classes, while proprietors have their reward, enlisting in their service the sympathies of dependents, as well as their manual labour, which always has the effect of increasing its value. Few features of a despotism are more revolting than its interference with joy in harvest, as was the case in ancient Egypt, and still is in that country at the present day. Royal officers being at hand to receive the stipulated portion of the produce, which was doubtless the lion's share, rendered the gathering of the crops anything but a joyous season to the agriculturist. It has been observed that there is great similarity

between the joyless looks of the husbandmen depicted on the old monuments, and the sombre countenances of the modern peasantry, who are so wretchedly remunerated for their toil, and brutally treated while bearing the burden and heat of the day. If our industrial orders had any experience of an oriental despotism, then would the every-day occurrence of freely enjoying the full fruit of their labour be prized as a special blessing.

By degrees, yet surely, autumn loses the summer's splendour, and nature is invested with sober and even solemn beauty. The foliage of the woods and hedgerows changes its hue, becoming "hectic, and grey, and fever-red," symptomatic of the decay of vegetable life in the leafy structure, and the approach of its final separation from the parent stem. The particular colouring of the fading leaf varies with the species, and is maintained from age to age with unfailing precision. The leaves of the plane-tree become tawny; those of the hazel, yellow; of the oak, yellowish green; of the sycamore, obscure brown; of the maple, pale yellow; of the ash, fine lemon yellow; of the elm, orange; of the hawthorn, tawny yellow; of the cherry, red; of the hornbeam, bright yellow; of the willow, hoary; and most glorious is the appearance of the woodlands, owing to the variegated tints, when the component trees are of several species. But soon with every breeze that blows,

"— the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round,"

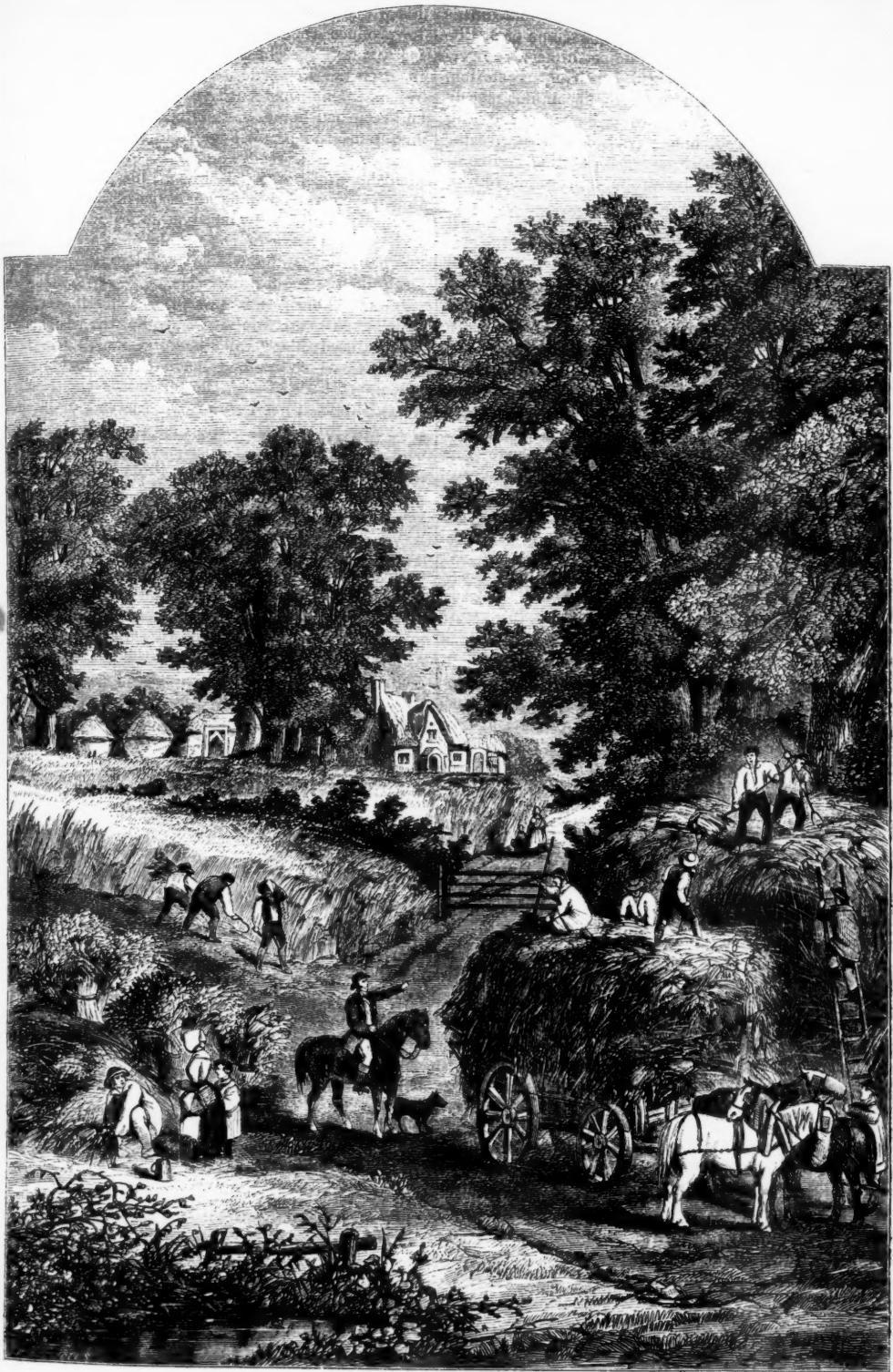
till the forest is completely stripped of its former pride, and the soil beneath is covered with the withered, dead, and decomposing vegetation. The change is monitory to us—an emblem of our own mutability. If life has its youth and manhood, its spring and summer, so, as surely as autumn comes in the cycle of the year, old age arrives, the harbinger of dissolution. Men pass into the "sere and yellow leaf," and fall away. Yet calm, gradual, even lovely, is the change in nature; and we are pleased with the last signs of foliage lingering on the branches.

"The beauty of decay
Charms the slow-fading year,
And sweetly fall away
The flowers and foliage sere;
And lingering summer still we see,
In every half-dismantled tree."

So, if opportunities in the prime of life have been faithfully improved, the decline is peaceful, and lacks no cheer. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness," antedating by but a brief space the crown of heavenly life, which shall never fade away.

WILKIE AND HIS PICTURES.

DAVID WILKIE, the first artist that Scotland has produced, and who has never been surpassed in that department of art denominated by the French *genre* painting, was born in the parish of Culter, in Fifeshire, in the year 1785. His history affords an admirable example of most of those unobtrusive yet manly virtues which moralists and public preceptors would have us admire and practise. As a



student of nature he was modest, diffident, persevering and pains-taking, and silently reliant on his inward resources. Profoundly conscious of all the difficulties of his profession, he set himself to overcome them with a dogged, untiring resolution, working incessantly to improve himself, not merely in the outset of his career, when he had everything to learn, but also, and if possible with greater industry, when he had gained reputation and competence, and when all Europe had concurred in acknowledging his genius.

As a boy, young Wilkie earned at school almost the reputation of a dunce. The schoolmaster reported that, with all his pains, he could not teach him to spell, and that the expectation of making a scholar of him must be abandoned. This was a severe disappointment to his father, who was the minister of the parish, and who was looking forward to see David following the same sacred profession. When the school days were over, with no very scholarly results, young Wilkie declared himself resolved to be a painter—a profession of all others which his father the least relished, as he considered pictures but as idle frivolities, and picture-making a useless calling. The lad's mother, however, possessed the rather rare endowment of good common sense, and knowing thoroughly the earnestness and force of will which were the basis of her son's character, notwithstanding its connection with a compliant and gentle disposition, she saw that he must be a painter, or he would be miserable. She therefore pleaded David's part against both father and grandfather, and finally, by her influence, all opposition was withdrawn, and he was allowed to follow his inclinations in the choice of a profession.

Application was made to the Earl of Leven for a letter of introduction to the Edinburgh Academy for the Encouragement of Manufactures—not the very best school for developing the genius of a born artist, but the only one at that time which was at all available to the Wilkie family. In order to be received here, it was necessary that the applicant should send specimens of his work to be submitted to examination. Young Wilkie did so; but the specimens he sent in were not approved of: indeed, it is very likely that they gave but small promise of excellence in the department of designing for manufactures—and the result was that his application was at first rejected. Finally, however, at the repeated instances of his patron, the lad was admitted, and took his place among the students. Once in the ranks, his characteristic perseverance told, and he soon began to distinguish himself. With industry not to be surpassed, he worked sedulously at the geometrical designs peculiar to the academy, during academy hours, and at all other hours snatched from recreation and repose, he wrought as pertinaciously at his favourite studies of the human face and figure.

Wilkie remained in the Edinburgh Academy five years, every one of which was signalized by substantial additions to his knowledge and skill. In 1803, while yet but seventeen, he attempted great things, and among other essays painted a classical subject which gained a prize. It is singular that he always had a hankering for grand historical

pictures, and never relinquished the desire during his whole life—nor for long together the attempt—to produce them. In this same year he made many rough sketches of several great works, which in after life he made it his business to complete. When, in his nineteenth year, he left the academy and returned home, he painted numerous portraits, and found the practice good in a double sense, as it gave him a ready dexterity of hand and replenished his purse. It was at his paternal home that he executed his first picture of any note, the "Pitlessie Fair," in which he delineated a hundred and fifty portraits of the people of his immediate neighbourhood, and which was visited by crowds, and talked about far and wide.

Young Wilkie was now feeling his power, and panting to exercise it. Before he was twenty, he had painted his "Village Politicians," the first sketch of which he had made before leaving the academy. This picture he offered to the Earl of Mansfield for fifteen guineas. Instead of buying it at the price named, the earl counselled him to advise with his friends—perhaps he might find the picture more valuable than he thought. In consequence of this suggestion, the picture was sent to London, and exhibited in the Royal Academy, where it was speedily purchased at the price of a hundred pounds.

From this moment the reputation of the young Scotch artist was established, and commissions for pictures, more than he was in a condition to undertake, poured in upon him. He came to London, where he was received with the respect due to his genius, and won the good-will of the English artists by his modesty and kindness of heart. In London, during the first years of this century, he painted many of those exquisite works which, more than any others, have become household words and household ornaments in ten thousand British homes. We need not enumerate them, as every reader is familiar with them as reproduced by the engraver, and most of us, from time to time, turn to greet them as old friends, in our portfolios or on our chamber-walls. We learn from the "Memoirs of Haydon" that it was Wilkie's habit, when he had received a good sum for a picture, immediately to disburse a round portion of it in presents for his mother and sister at home; and sometimes he would be found surrounded with silk dresses and bonnets which he had been out to purchase, and was busily packing for transport to the loved Scottish fire-side. We ask no other trait than this in proof of his genuine kindness of heart and filial love—and yet there is a better one behind; for when, in 1812, his old father died, he sent for his mother and sister to come and make their home with him in his house at Kensington.

So much for the unrivalled domestic painter. Let us look now for one moment at his paintings. Like most other works of creative genius, they stand at the head of a school of followers, to which they have given birth. Before Wilkie's time, the English painters of domestic pictures (leaving Hogarth out of the question, as not fairly coming within the category), of whom there were few of any note, left half, or more than half, their work unper-

formed. Under the false idea that generalization was preferable to detail—an idea encouraged by the practice of portrait and historical painters, as well as by the oracles of the lecture-room—they concentrated their labours on the faces of their figures, and dealt with the remaining portions and with the back-grounds as summarily as possible, often extemporizing the drapery and accessories either from imagination or from memory. This custom certainly had the merit of being in opposition to the Dutch and Flemish schools, which it was the fashion of the period to decry, as though the finest masterpieces of Teniers and Ostade were worthy only of reprehension and avoidance; but it had the effect at the same time of rendering the productions of the English school tame and unreal, and therefore comparatively worthless. The fine instincts of Wilkie revolted against this erroneous idea. He saw from the first that the grand element, the vital principle of all art, is truth—truth in everything, small things as well as great; and therefore, though he painted human character as few men have done before or since, he did not think it beneath him to give character also to inanimate things—to the asthmatic bellows, to the rickety table, the old cracked fiddle, the worn-out besom-stump, the bruised and bulging quart pot. Here it was that his modesty and diffidence brought him such a large return: he did not believe it possible that he, David Wilkie, was able to paint a mug, a spoon, an inkstand, a joint-stool, etc., from imagination merely, and therefore he never attempted it without having the objects before him. His practice was, whatever he painted, invariably to paint it from the model; and on this subject there is a curious anecdote told concerning him, which, as it is in all probability true, we shall set down.

One morning a nobleman, who had already paid him some large sums, called on him to commission a new picture. While both were seated, talking over the subject to be painted, his lordship, observing a biscuit lying on the table, broke it with his knuckles, and put a fragment in his mouth. Wilkie leaped from his seat with an exclamation intended to stay the blow, and when too late for that, turned away with an ejaculation of chagrin. "Why, what is the matter?" asked his patron. "O, my lord," said Wilkie, "you have destroyed my model biscuit: I have walked half London to get it, and now it is gone. You see, my lord, it was a crumpled biscuit, and they are extremely rare to meet with."

The effect of the fidelity in detail above mentioned is familiar to us all in the pictures of Wilkie. We feel that the result of every touch of truth in the picture tells not merely in its own place, but throughout the whole of the canvas; there is not a spot on the entire surface that shows either falsehood or failing, nor any the minutest portion that is wrapped in conventional because convenient obscurity. The consequence is, that we identify the scene with ourselves, and, so to speak, step on to the stage and play our part in the drama.

We are not claiming the merit of originating this pervading fidelity to fact in delineation for Wilkie—indeed it was old among the Dutch and

Flemings before it was practised in our island: there is this grand difference, however, namely, that, with the majority of the Dutch and Flemings, their scrupulous fidelity in detail was the sole merit in their pictures, while in the works of Wilkie, wonderful as is his dexterity in the same way, it is always subordinate to the living idea of his work, and is the last thing, and not the first, which claims the admiration of the spectator.

To form a just idea of Wilkie's versatile dexterity of hand, one should have the opportunity of comparing his pictures with one another. Such an opportunity was afforded soon after his death, by the exhibition of the major part of his greatest works in the gallery of the British Institution. It was then seen that the great Scotch painter had been as various in his manner and methods of work as he was in fancy and imagination. While some of the canvasses and panels were barely covered with thin films of colour, others were painted in thick impasta, the pigments standing out almost in relief. The pictures painted during the last few years of his life were nearly all on stout wooden panels, which his watchful experience had shown him were best adapted for works of elaborate execution.

We have said above, that Wilkie stands at the head of a school of followers. We may say more. Though he was the last man who would have presumed to take the lead, it is the fact that there is not a fine *piece de genre* in the Royal Academy this present year, nor has there been one for these twenty years past, the painter of which was not indebted to Wilkie's example, more or less remotely, for the elements of his success. All our good artists in this department have accepted and practised the lesson he so modestly taught; and English art at the present day, in this peculiar direction, owes to him what landscape art owes to Turner.

Wilkie travelled in search of improvement, both in France and Italy, and in search of subjects for his pencil, in Spain and the East. It was on his return from the East, in 1841, that he died, after a brief illness, on shipboard. Some of our readers may remember a mysterious picture by Turner, (now in the Turner Gallery at South Kensington), illustrative of the burial at sea of David Wilkie.

TWO FISCAL EPOCHS.

The following statement of the chief mercantile productions of every state in Europe (France excepted), in the fifteenth century, affords a singular and interesting exposition of the resources of those countries and our own, with the state of commerce and its chief channels at that period, compared with their aspect in the days we live in. It appears in an old pamphlet, entitled, "Procresse of English Policie, advocating the necessitie of England keeping possession of the sea."

"At that period," says the writer, "France was in a deplorable condition from her continued warfare and English conquests; its land lying uncultivated and overgrown with briars and thorns, like

a wood infested with wild beasts, and the people reduced to poverty and desolation." He then proceeds to particularize the chief products of each country.

"From SPAIN," says he, "come wines, figs, raisins, dates, liquorice, oil, grain, soap, wax, iron, wool, wadmoe, red skins, saffron, and quicksilver; all of which are transported to Bruges, the emporium of Flanders, by her haven of Sluys. From FLANDERS the Spanish ships lade homeward, fine cloth of Ypres and of Courtzay, of all colours, much fustian, and also linen cloth. PORTUGAL sends much merchandize into England: wines, osey, wax, grain, raisins, dates, honey, cordavant leather, hides, etc., all of which are also carried in great quantities to Flanders. BRETAGNE sends to Flanders, salt, wines, linen, and canvas. The EASTERLINGS, PRUSSIA, and GERMANY, send beer and bacon into Flanders; ormond copper, bow-staves, steel, wax, peltry, pitch, tar, oak boards, Cologne thread, wool, cards, fustian, canvas and buckram. And they take back from Flanders, silver plate, and wedges of silver, which come in great quantities from Bohemia and Hungary; also woollen cloth of all colours. GENOA resorts to England in her huge ships named Carricks, with cloth of gold, silk, paper, much wood, wool, oil, cotton, rack, allum, and gold coin; carrying back from us, wool and woollens, cloth made with our own wool, and tin. The VENETIANS and FLORENTINES bring all sorts of spiceries and grocery wares, sweet wines, and a great variety of small wares, trifles, drugs, sugar, etc.; and from us they carry home wool, cloth, tin, and our gold coin. They also deal much in usury both in England and Flanders.* BRABANT, HOLLAND, and ZEALAND afford little merchandize properly of their own, but madder and woad for dyers, garlic, onions, and salt-fish. To the Brabant marts (which we call Fairs) we send English cloth, and bring back mercery,† haberdashery, and grocery. SCOTLAND's commodities are wool, woollens, and hides. Their wool is sent to Flanders to be draped, though not so good as the English wool, with which it is there worked up. Scotland brings from Flanders small mercery and haberdashery wares in great quantities, and *one half of the Scotch vessels are generally laden home from Flanders with cart wheels and wheelbarrows.* IRELAND's commodities are hides and fish; as salmon, herrings, and hake; wool, linen cloth, and skins of wild beasts."

But we have in another record referring to the sixteenth century, a contrast scarcely less striking in the fact that during the reign of Queen Elizabeth the whole customs revenue of the country was "farmed" at three different periods for the several sums of £14,000, £42,000, and £50,000; and that the whole revenue of the crown, derived from the queen's manors, lands, customs and escheats, (there being then no taxes in time of peace,) amounted to only £188,197 4s. 0d., and the expenditure to £110,612 13s. 0d.

How forcibly are we here reminded of the introduction into England, during this reign, of that

"weed" which had no better claim to notice than pertained to a vicious habit among "savages," but which is now yielding a yearly revenue to the crown of upwards of *four millions sterling!* But how marvellous, how eloquent the contrast in our Budget of 1860, representing one year's revenue of £71,089,669! "What a figure! what a revenue!" an ejaculation worthy of the "Times." "It is no mere matter of account; no shadowy estimate; no antiquarian computation of drachms; no swollen sum in reals; but seventy-one millions of golden sovereigns actually collected and paid into the British treasury. How solemnly Pericles would have stated these figures! with what pomp Demosthenes would have drawn them out! they are too suggestive of what England can do if it wishes."

CORNISH MINERS.

"GETTING A START."

A MINE agent at St. Ives sends the following communication after reading our article in No. 424, to the general correctness of which he bears testimony.

For the information of those readers of "The Leisure Hour" whose knowledge of mining in Cornwall may be limited, it may be well to state that, on an average, miners work for a lower rate of wages per week or per month than most labourers; but they do not work so many hours. With miners there is comparatively little day-work. "Tutwork" and "tribute" are the prevailing modes of working. The former means excavating the rock at a certain price per fathom, the latter raising the mineral at a certain rate in the pound.

The "setting day" is usually once a month, when the places to be worked (the several prices being fixed previously by the agents) are called up, and the men are at liberty to take or refuse, as they think fit.

The term of the taking is one or two months, as the case may be. Owing to the very changeable character of the ground to be worked (the rock for excavating is always called "ground"), and the veins of ore that ramify through it in every possible direction, there is often much uncertainty as to what the month will turn out. The ground may take a turn in the miner's favour or otherwise. The vein of ore may improve in size and value, or the opposite.

We will take a case. John White and his boy Tom had been working on "tribute" for a considerable time, and, in their own phraseology, had been "doing very slight." They had been working on "subsisit" for four or five months, and were in debt. Their "pitch" had been slight; and though their "tribute" was raised to 13s. 4d. in the pound, they could not make a living out of it. They were almost ready to give up the pitch and "see" for another; but "no, we won't give up for one bad bargain," said John White; "we'll try um again, boy." John's money was done, and he had his goods on credit; their living was hard, but John said to his wife and his boy, "We'll try um again." John

* Genoa and Venice were then in the hey-day of their commerce

† Mercery in those days meant many kinds of small wares.

and his boy Tom were obliged to have "weater and gurts" (water and groats) for breakfast, and barley bread for "mossle." The first week of the "taking" passed away without any improvement; but on the Monday of the second week there were some indications of a change. Two branches, or veins, were running in such a way that they must meet somewhere at an angle; that was favourable, and John took heart. "Come, let ez heave to um, boy; and let ez looken keenly, perhaps we shall hev a little money to car home to the old "hummun" (woman) yet. What un will make I don't know, but I bleeve un'll make somfen (something) whether or no." The next day the father and son were down at their pitch; they had eaten their "mossle," and Tom had gone to sleep. As he lay stretched on a board, some fathoms from the pitch where his father was working, and quite unconscious of the sudden change of circumstances which had really taken place, John had cut a beautiful bunch of ore. It was copper ore, of that kind which is called "peacock" ore, from the brilliant colours that sparkle on it like so many gems. Overjoyed with the discovery, the father went out to the boy, who lay snoring on the board. He looked on Tom, then pinched his leg. Tom shuffled and rubbed his eyes. "Hollo, how long have I ben sleeping?" "Coomo out here a minute, and see what I got out here. I cut the lode; dost a hear?" Up sprang Tom, and went to the pitch, rubbing his eyes, and there was the sparkling ore shining against him like a nest of jewels. "Oh, father!" said Tom, looking round and scratching his head, "that ez a bender;" and Tom took up a pick and began to dig at the ore, and he turned the stones over and over before his eyes, which were now wide awake. And Tom looked up at his father, exclaiming, "I thought I was dreaming." There were nearly eight weeks to work, and if the vein held at that size and quality all the time, they would get a first-rate start.

The "old woman" was delighted at the news when they told her, and they had a good supper that night, and something better than "weater and gurts" the next morning. Day succeeded day, and the "load" held, though father and son worked hard and long at it. They lived well now; instead of barley mossles they carried down beef pasties, plum cake, and "figgy hogans," in great plenty. Week after week they broke out the yellow lumps, and still the load did not fail. And, oh what a pile of ore they had to put in on the sampling day! The pay-day came, and John White and his son received the comfortable sum of seventy-five pounds each!

THE SWANS ON THE RIVER THAMES.

LIVING on the banks of that far-famed river, I have often had my attention drawn to the swans which beautify its bosom, and are so intimately associated with all bygone recollections of it in the olden time. I was led on from one fact connected with them to another, till I had collected, from the most authentic sources, the following particulars relating to them, which I hope may be productive

of pleasure to my readers. I am the more induced to furnish this account, because the subject has hitherto been passed over in silence by all topographical guides for the banks of the Thames, and is only noticed by one naturalist in treating of this splendid bird.

We find at a very early date that it was considered a great privilege to be allowed to keep swans—a privilege only granted to certain companies, or to individuals possessed of freehold property of the requisite amount. Persons thus qualified were permitted to keep swans on certain streams; but the regulations respecting them were very strict, especially those connected with marking the birds with the distinctive marks appropriated to the company or person possessing them. I have been able to collect many of these marks, which are attached to this paper, with the explanation of each.

Marks Nos. 1 and 2 are those belonging to that most magnificent of monarchs, (as far, at least, as his taste for all that was gorgeous and glittering was concerned), king Henry VIII. The date is 1526 of the 1st mark, and a somewhat later one of the 2nd.

The 3rd mark belonged to the Abbey of Winstead, in Lincolnshire; and it is worthy of remark that the crosier, or crook, is borne by the divine, the shepherd, the swanherd, and the gooscherd, as emblematical of a pastoral life and the care of a flock.

No. 4 is the mark of Sir E. Dymoke, of Lincolnshire. The descendant of the family still exists, and the Royal Champion has always been of that house, holding the manor of Scrivelsby by that tenure.

Nos. 5 and 7 both bear date during the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and No. 6 is the mark of Lord W. Howard, Lord High Admiral of England in the days of Queen Mary.

No. 8 is the mark of Lord Buckhurst. The keys bear reference to his office of Chamberlain of the household. At the present day the appointment of the Royal Swanherd is vested in the Lord Chamberlain for the time being.

No. 9 is the mark of Sir William More, who was appointed by Lord Buckhurst to the office of Master of the Swans for Surrey. "In such sorte were all the rest of the sheres (shires) granted; one of the conditions is as follows: But this order must be kept that the upping (or marking) of the swans near or within the said branches of the Tems (Thames) may be upped all in one day with the upping of the Tems, which is referred to Mr. Mayland, of Hampton Court, who hath the ordering of the Tems; so if it please you from time to time to send and confer with him."

No. 10 is the swan-mark of the late Bishop of Norwich, to whose kindness I am indebted for many of the particulars herein contained, and also for a quaint and original receipt for feeding the young swans of the year for the table, which we shall come to by and by.

No. 11 is the Eton College mark, which educational establishment has the privilege of keeping these birds. It represents the armed point and

feathered end of an arrow, and is represented by nail heads on the door of one of the inner rooms in the college: it is difficult to explain the kind of framework on which the arrow rests.

Nos. 12 and 13 are the ancient marks of the Dyers' and Vintners' Companies of the City of London, as used in the reign of Elizabeth. These two companies have long enjoyed the privilege of preserving swans on the Thames from London to some miles above Windsor, and they continue the old custom of going with their friends and guests, with the Royal Swanherdsman and their own swanherds and assistants, on the first Monday of August in every year, from Lambeth, on their swan voyage, for the purpose of catching and marking all the cygnets of the year, and renewing any old marks in the swans that may have become partly obliterated.

Nos. 14 and 15 are the marks of the same companies as used at the present time. The forming circlelets and anulets on the beak, as observed in the two ancient marks, being considered as inflicting more severe pain upon the bird than the straight lines, these rings are now omitted, and the lines doubled, as shown in these more modern marks.

No. 16 is the royal swan mark of our most gracious Queen Victoria. This mark has been used through the reigns of George III and IV, William IV, and so up to the present time.

These are all the swan marks for the River Thames (only two being admitted in the number having reference to the birds on other rivers) that careful research has been able to discover; and the smallness of their number proves how seldom the privilege of keeping swans was granted, and the great value and importance which was attached to the possession of the bird, as well as to the authorized power to protect it. For example, in the twenty-second year of the reign of Edward IV, 1483, it was ordered that no person not possessing a freehold of the clear yearly value of five marks should be permitted to keep any swans; and in the eleventh year of Henry VII, 1496, it was ordained that any one stealing a swan's *egg only*, should have one year's imprisonment, and be fined at the king's will; and stealing, setting snares for, or driving grey or white swans, were punished still more severely.

There are many curious ordinances respecting swans on the River Witham, in the county of Lincoln, which may serve to illustrate our subject. The ordinances were made on the 24th of May, 1524, in the fifteenth year of the reign of Henry VIII, by the Lord Christopher Willuby, Sir. E. Dymoke, and others, justices of the peace, and commissioners appointed by the king "for the confirmation and preservation of his highness's game of swans, and signets of his stream of Witham within the county of Lincolnshire, from a Breges, called Boston Breges, into the head of the same stream." A copy of the whole roll being too long for insertion, I shall only quote a few particulars.

No persons having swans could appoint a new swanherd without the licence of the king's swanherd; and every swanherd on the stream was

bound to attend upon the king's swanherd on warning, or to suffer fine; and the royal swanherd was obliged to keep a book of swan marks, in which no new marks could be inserted for fear of their interfering with the old ones: the marking of the cygnets was generally done in the presence of all the swanherds on that stream, and on a particular day, of which all had notice. Cygnets received the mark found on the parent bird; but if the old swans, had no mark at the time of the upping, then old and young birds were seized upon for the king, and marked accordingly. No swanherd might affix a mark on a bird, except in the presence of the king's swanherd, or his deputy. Formerly, when the swan made her nest on the banks of the river rather than on the islands, one young bird was given to the owner of the soil as an inducement to him to protect the nest; and this was called the ground-bird. A money consideration is now given instead. The swan mark, called by Sir E. Coke Cigninota, was cut in the skin, or on the beak, with a sharp knife or instrument. From the specimens given, it will be seen that they are very varied, consisting of anulets, cherrons, crescents, crosses, initial letters, and numerous other significant devices.

Formerly, no great banquet or entertainment was considered complete, unless at one end of the board there was a cygnet, or young swan; and in any town where there were many proprietors of swans there and in the neighbourhood, the town clerk, on the second Monday in August, sent notes from the town hall to the public swanherd and others having swans and swan rights, to desire them to bring all their cygnets intended for killing, in order to their being collected in a small stew or pond, the number varying generally from fifty to seventy, many belonging to private individuals. The birds began to eat immediately, and being provided with an abundance of barley, they were usually ready for killing early in November. They varied in weight, some reaching to twenty-eight pounds; and they were all cygnets, as, if kept beyond November, they began to fall off, losing both flesh and fat, while the meat becomes darker in colour and stronger in flavour. The following quaint and amusing versified receipt for roasting a swan is attributed to a town clerk of the city of Norwich:—

"HOW TO ROAST A SWAN."

Take three pounds of suet, beat fine in a mortar,
Put it into the swan (that is, when you have caught her).
Some pepper, salt, mace, some nutmeg, and onion,
Will heighten the flavour in gourmand's opinion;
Then tie it up tight, with a small bit of tape,
That the gravy and other things may not escape.
A meal paste rather stiff should be laid on the breast,
And some whited-brown paper should cover the rest.
Fifteen minutes, at least, ere the swan you take down;
Pull the paste off the bird, that the breast may get brown."

It was a popular delusion in old times that the ancient sign of the "Swan with two Necks" bore some reference to the two nicks in the swan mark of the Vintners' Company. The sign has, however, been considered a fair heraldic personification of the term, united as it is to the following considerations: namely, that the swan has been for some hundred years identified with the Vintners'

Company and its privileges; that the principal governing officers of this company for the time being are a Master and three Wardens, the junior Warden of the year being called the Swan Warden; that models of swans form conspicuous ornaments in their hall, and that the first proprietor of the well-known inn, "The Swan with two Necks," was a member of the Vintners' Company.

It has furnished me with amusement during many an hour, to watch the swans with their broods. The care taken by the parent birds of the young ones is very pleasing. Where the stream is strong, I have often seen the female sink herself low enough to bring her back on a level with the water, when the cygnets will get upon it, and in this manner are conveyed to the other side of the river or into stiller water. Each family of swans has its own district, and if the limits of that district are encroached upon by other swans, a pursuit immediately takes place, and the intruders are driven away. I have seen fierce battles take place if the intruder has attempted to make good his settlement; but, excepting in those instances, they appear to live in a state of the most perfect harmony. The male is very attentive to the female, assists in making the nest, and, when a sudden rise in the river takes place, joins her with great assiduity in raising it sufficiently high to prevent the eggs being chilled by the action of the water. Sometimes the rise is so rapid that all their efforts are in vain; the whole nest is washed away and destroyed.

It is when we pass Richmond Bridge that we approach the spot where the silver Thames first becomes purely rural, and reveals its poetical beauties. Pleasurable sensations of escape come freshly over one, giving buoyancy to one's spirits, and the mind seems to participate in the calm and sunshine of external nature. Thus writes one of our most delightful poets, whose works, however, are not much read at the present day:—

"See the fair swans, on Thames's lovely side,
The which do trim their pennons, silver bright;
In shining ranks, they down the waters glide;
Oft have mine eyes devoured the gallant sight."

COWLEY.

At Richmond we are among the swans of the Thames. Many of our most gifted poets have written lines on this beautiful river. What, for example, can be more charming than these lines of Thomson?

"Go, where the silver Thames first rural grows;
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray;
Luxurious there rove through the pendant woods;
There let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames,
Far winding up to where the Muses haunt,
To Twickenham bowers."

In quite another style are the following verses, which are so beautiful and so apt to our subject, that they seem to me worthy of insertion:—

"Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

"My eye descending from the hill surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons,
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life, to meet eternity."

I must not, however, be carried away from the literal to the metaphorical swans of this beautiful river, but hasten to give a few more interesting particulars relating to them. Their instinct is often shown in a most surprising manner. I am indebted to the kindness of a friend for the following remarkable instance that occurred on a small stream at Bishop Stortford. The swan of which the story is told was eighteen or nineteen years old, had brought up many broods, and was highly valued by the neighbours. At the time the incident occurred, she was sitting on five eggs, when some of the people about observed her to be very busy collecting weeds and grasses for the purpose, as it appeared, of raising her nest. One of the farming men was ordered to take down a great quantity of litter (sticks, straw, etc. etc.), with which she most industriously raised her nest and the eggs two feet and a half. That very night there came down a fall of rain which caused heavy floods, and did no end of damage. Man made no preparation; the bird did. Instinct prevailed over reason; her eggs were above, and only just above, the water. I have seen on the Thames the female swan, by raising her leg, assist the cygnets in getting upon her back. I thought it probable that carrying the young in this way might only be resorted to when the brood were on a river, to save them the labour of following the parent bird against the stream; but, in the course of the summer, I noticed a female swan often carrying her young in this manner on the canal in St. James's Park, where there is certainly no current to impede them.

One morning I shall always recollect with pleasure; it was a lovely day in May. As I reclined on the soft green bank, gazing at the lovely scenes all around me, or turning my attention to the majestic swans (of which I counted twenty-four in sight at once), I thought how fair a world it is that the bountiful Creator has bestowed upon his creatures, and the emphatic words of the Bible came forcibly before my mind: "And God saw every thing that he had made, and behold it was very good."

There were in sight many hen swans with their broods; one had eight cygnets, which a man in charge of them told me was the greatest number he had ever known. One of the duties of the attendants is to save the parent bird the great labour of collecting materials for its nest: they bring fagots of stick, which they roughly place in the form of the nest, leaving the bird to complete it after its own fancy. The mates sail backwards and forwards in front of the nest, to guard the hen from all harm; they do not seek to hide their nest from view; on the contrary, it is generally so placed as to be easily seen by any one passing along the river bank. From my favourite seat I could see the spot where formerly Pope's Villa stood. Alas! nothing now remains of it but his well-known grotto, of which he gives the following pleasant account in one of his delightful letters. "In my garden, in the banks of this lovely river, I found a spring of the clearest water, that echoes through my grotto day and night. From the river you see

through my arch, up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells, in the rustic manner; and from thence you look down, through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river, passing suddenly and vanishing as through a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a camera obscura, on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, boats, etc., are forming a moving picture, in their visible radiations; and if you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene. It is finished with shells, interspersed with coloured glass, and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which, when a lamp is hung in the centre, a thousand pointed rays glitter and are reflected all over the place. There are connected with this grotto, by narrower passages, two porches, one towards the river, of smooth stones, full of light and open, the other towards the garden, shadowed by trees, and roughly paved with pebbles and shells; as is also the adjoining walk, up the Wilderness to the Temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little murmur of the constant dropping water, and the aquatic idea of the whole thing."

In another letter to his friend Digby, Pope thus alludes to the swans:—"No ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is in the summer; our river glitters beneath an unclouded sun, at the same time that its banks retain the verdure of flowers; the silver swans sail along its placid bosom, or come close to my garden bank to receive their accustomed food. Our trees, like new acquaintances brought happily together, are stretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour,

while the birds are pouring forth their thanksgiving songs."*

After much research, I obtained the exact account of the whole number of old and young swans belonging to her Majesty, and to the different companies, at the last swan voyage in August, 1859:—

	Old Swans.	Cygnets.	Total.
The Queen	185	47	232
The Vintners' Company	79	21	100
The Dyers' Company	91	14	105
	355	82	437

The number formerly was much greater. At one period the Vintners' Company possessed 500 birds. In the language of swanherds, the male swan is called a cob, the female a pen. These terms refer to the comparative size and grade of the two sexes. The black tubercle at the base of the beak is called the berry. I will conclude this paper with the following beautiful lines of Pope:—

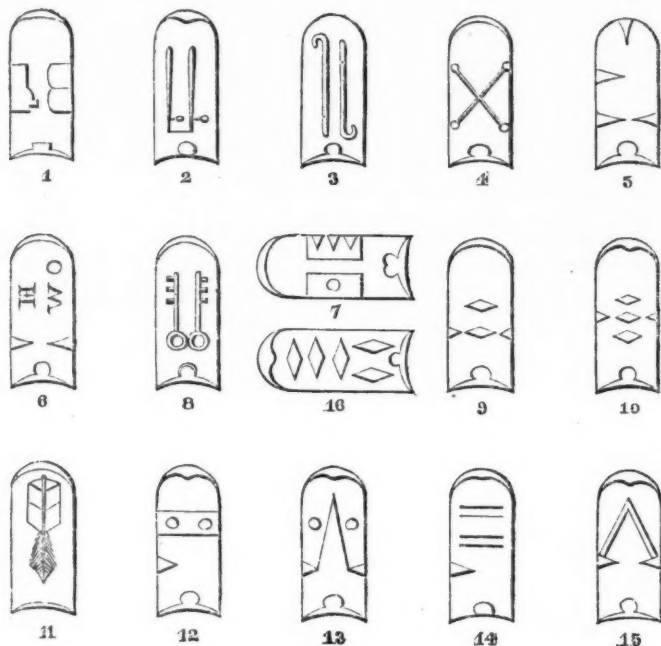
"Bear me, oh, bear me to sequestered scenes,
To bowery mazes and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks, with fragrant breezes fill,
Or, where ye muses sport, on Cooper's hill;
On Cooper's hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.

"I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove;
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By God, like poets, venerable made:
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung,
There the last numbers flowed from Cowley's tongue.

Oh, early lost! What tears the river shed
When the sad pomp along his banks was led;
His drooping swans on every note expire,
And on his willows hung each muse's lyre."

WINDSOR FOREST.

* Letter of Pope to Digby.



SWAN MARKS.